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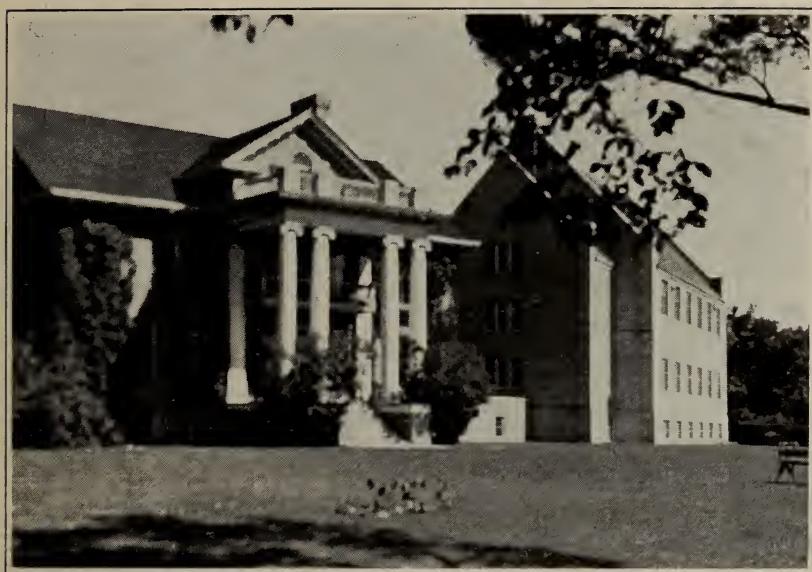
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VOX FLUMINIS

Riverbend
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Winnipeg, Canada



Mrs. Munroe,

*who through her kindness
and interest has won a
place in the hearts of all
Riverbend girls, this edi-
tion of Vox Fluminis is
lovingly dedicated.*



EDITORIAL STAFF OF VOX FLUMINIS

Back Row—Rossme Sterling, Marion Booth, Marie Bond, Nancy Complin, Joyce Stevens.

Front Row—Nancy Kennedy, Dorothy Kennedy, Mary E. Edgar, Barbara South, Shirley Richardson, Agnes Rife.

VOX FLUMINIS

EDITORIAL STAFF

<i>Editor</i>	MARY ELIZABETH EDGAR
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ SHIRLEY RICHARDSON NANCY KENNEDY
<i>Business Managers</i>	{ DOROTHY KENNEDY BARBARA SOUTH
<i>Photography and Humor</i>	AGNES RIFE
<i>Activities</i>	ROSSMÉ STERLING
<i>Sports</i>	MARION BOOTH

ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

<i>Grade IX</i>	MARIE BOND
<i>Grade VIII</i>	NANCY COMPLIN
<i>Grade VII</i>	JOYCE STEVENS

EDITORIAL



EDITORIALS, according to Miss Grant, may be written on anything from mannequins to the magnetic power of mules. Perhaps the European situation would fit in with the times, but a magazine editor is not supposed to know anything about anything but his brain-child, the magazine. Truthfully we can say, that when this magazine goes to press, we shall be able to quote any line, any caption, any verse anywhere, and even put in the punctuation!

Before our entrance into this world of literature, we had considered ourselves mild, unassuming creatures, eager to obey and to keep life as calm as possible. We have, however, emerged from our offices, hard-boiled, unfeeling and sharp-tongued. We have trailed late articles to their dens like blood-hounds; we have turned a deaf ear to pleadings such as, "Just another day and I'll have it done"; we have haggled with printers, advertisers and photographers in a vain attempt to cut down costs. We have torn the "Humor" to shreds, wondering how anyone could possibly have considered those jokes amusing. We have debated whether the article on Lord Tweedsmuir should go at the end of the literary section, before the prefects' notes, or in the waste-paper basket. The teaching staff has demanded that its picture be printed on every other page, and we have sadly wondered why we didn't bury the proofs in the garbage can when they returned from the printers.

And so it goes. The editors wonder how many students will buy their little pamphlet. Then the word comes in! Everyone wants a magazine, and some want two or three! We throw our desks in the air and furiously unearth the proofs from the garbage. Lo and behold, the magazine looks like a best seller! We sigh over the long vanished joy we had in preparing our work, and we, who have lived, eaten and slept "magazine" for months, creep into a secluded corner and weep copious tears of joy.

To the *Vox Fluminis* staff of the years to come we pass on the word, "It may seem like unending work, but the experience and the joy that is reaped from it is the greatest possible reward!"



STAFF

Back Row—Miss Anderson, Miss McHattie, Mrs. M. Sigurdson, Miss Argyle, Miss Shepley,
Miss McLeod, Miss McInnis, Miss Stuart, Miss S. Sigurdson.
Front Row—Miss Burns, Miss Crawshaw, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Munroe, Miss Carter (Head
Mistress), Miss Gregory, Mrs. Price, Miss Grant, Miss Moffat.



SCHOOL COUNCIL

Back Row—June Lear, Dorothy Kennedy, Shirley Pinfold, Margaret Winstanley, Marguerite
McDonald, Betty Best, Marion Booth, Marjorie Kehm, Marie Bond.
Middle Row—Winnifred Ruth McIntyre, Joyce Johnston, Gloria Brown, Mary McLeod (Head
Girl), Betty Weatherill, Mary Elizabeth Edgar.
Front Row—Dolores Edmond, Barbara South, Phyllis Hunter, Mildred Longstaffe, Joyce Stevens,
Rossme Sterling.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER



Dear Girls:

A NOTHER spring has come and brought those very wonderful things that we accept so casually—warmth and sunshine, trees and flowers. To Riverbend it has also brought its usual round of events—the Swimming Meet, the Lilac Tea, Graduation, etc. But this year it has brought to the world that most dreaded of all calamities—war. It is quite impossible for you to imagine what a dreadful thing war is, and I pray you may always be spared such a knowledge. But there is a little that we, even though so far removed from the centre of the conflict, can do. We must in all things be loyal. We must have courage to face whatever the future may bring. We must look forward with confidence and do our best in our own small way, for we each have a duty to perform in these days of stress. In an English paper it says that a civilian's duty in time of war is "to work hard, avoid grumbling and save as much as possible." Not very heroic, and not always very easy, but we can do it. In front of the Viceroy's House in New Delhi stands a column, on which are inscribed the words: "In Thought Faith, in Word Wisdom, in Deed Courage, in Life Service. So may India be great." No one of us could offer for our country and our Commonwealth any better prayer today.

Let us have faith that we are fighting for the right and that we are in God's hands.

Yours affectionately,

MAY CARTER.



1st Row:
Daphne Gunne
Dorothy Donnelly
Agnes Rife
Maureen Knights

2nd Row:
Lois MacQueen
Janet Edgar
Rosme Sterling
Mary McLeod
Gloria Brown

3rd Row:
Esther Stronach
Ruth Wilkinson
Shirley Richardson
Frances Ivey



1st Row:
June Lear
Dorothy Kennedy
Mary Elizabeth Edgar
Marguerite McDonald

2nd Row:
Mary Carpenter
Betty Weatherill
Barbara South
Margaret Bennett
Jean McLaughlin
Joan Morrison

3rd Row:
Dolores Edmond
Phyllis Hunter
Polly Harris
Joyce Johnston



Class Notes


GRADE XI

Confucious say:

To Grade XI—"Many maidens withering on stock."

To Miss Moffat and Miss Shepley—
"Wise to resolve—patient to perform."

To Dorothy Kennedy (1938-1940)—
"Sharp tongue only edge tool grow keener with constant use."

To Mary McLeod (1935-1940)—"Very little go long way."

To Gloria Brown (1932-1940)—"Grass grows more green on other side of fence."

To Joan Morrison (1938-1940)—"Most good natured soul ever trod on shoe of leather."

To Polly Harris (1938-1940)—"What you do not know would make great book."

To Dolores Edmond (1938-1940)—
"Spare breath to cool porridge."

To Joyce Johnston (1939-1940) — "Of surpassing beauty and in bloom of youth."

To Esther Stronach (1937-1940)—
"Practice make perfect."

To Rossmé Sterling (1938-1940)—"No music, life be great mistake."

To Frances Ivey (1938-1940)—"Merry heart, like medicine, does good."

To Lois MacQueen (1939-1940)—"Those who dream of banquet wake to lamentation and sorrow."

To Maureen Knights (1937-1940)—"No place more delightful than home"

To Jean McLaughlin (1939-1940)—
"Variety—very spice of life."

To Shirley Richardson (1938-1940)—
"People dangerous who make no noise."

To Janet Edgar (1934-1940) — "She born with great gift of laughter and sense that whole world is mad."

To Margaret Bennett (1935-1940)—"If there be regal solitude—it is sick-bed."

To Agnes Rife (1939-1940) — "While there is life there is most certainly hope."

To June Lear (1936-1940)—"Ah! She flavor everything—she vanilla of society."

To Betty Weatherill (1938-1940)—"Age of Miracles forever here."

To Dorothy Donnelly (1939-1940)—
"True happiness found in life in country."

To Phyllis Hunter (1935-1940)—"Safer to be meek than to be fierce."

To Barbara South (1930-1940)—"Lovely creature must be seen to be appreciated."

To Mary Elizabeth Edgar (1937-1940)
—"Fame is thirst of youth."

To Ruth Wilkinson (1937-1940)—
Magnificent spectacle of human happiness."

To Mary Carpenter (1937-1940)—
Secrecy of success be constancy to purpose."

To Margaret MacDonald (1939-1940)—
"Pretty foot great gift of nature."

To Daphne Gunne (1939-1940)—
Ah . . . men!"



Mary Elizabeth Edgar

Joyce Johnston

Betty Weatherill

Janet Edgar

Gloria Brown

Mary McLeod

PREFECTS' NOTES

Mary Elizabeth Edgar—No. 401515, 5 ft. 3, blue eyes, curly fair hair. Last seen wearing a Riverbend uniform, but don't let that stop you.

Wanted—For forging the "Mona Lisa" and calling it "Study of a White-washed Barn."

No Reward—You can keep her!

Mary McLeod—No. 45553, 5 ft. 2, deep blue eyes, blonde (with assistance).

Wanted—For her own sweet self.

Reward—Two one-way tickets to Alcatraz.

Joyce Johnston—No. 402771, 5 ft. 5, soulful eyes, armed to the teeth.

Wanted—For manslaughter. Some poor, unhappy wretch stepped off the curb.

Reward—One "Magic Chef" gas range or \$1,000 cash (strictly counterfeit).

Gloria Brown—No. 401510, tall, dark and "man-som." Last seen approaching the certain Nip House.

Wanted—For kidnapping a blue Plymouth. Shoot to kill. Bounty, 2c per bullet hole.

Janet Edgar—No. 401515, loud and long. "A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair." (Someone please hold Kipling down?)

Wanted—For petty larceny. Someone told her that officer MacPhail's police badge was a screwball pin.

Reward—Virtue is its own reward.

Betty Weatherill—No. 62030, two eyes, a nose and mouth.

Wanted—For attempting to defraud. She told everyone that Robert Taylor was her cousin, and he ISN'T!

Reward—Robert Taylor.

GRADE X

TUM-TUM, ta-ta—the music blares forth from the merry-go-round to the tune of "School Days." Just as the circus contraption goes on and on, so pass the days, months, and terms at school.

In the centre of the grade ten merry-go-round, watching and working the curious individuals, is the pivot (otherwise known as Miss Grant) around which the joyous animals rotate. They all have something in common—their ups and downs.

The class 'pres.,' Betty Best, because of the amazing height she can jump, is our kangaroo. Marion Booth, the deer, runs the smoothest and the fastest. Barbara Anne King, Shirley Finfold, Shirley Edmond, Margaret Winstanley and Lorna Aikins are the monkeys and the parrots, imitating very aptly the speech and actions of the characters in "The Map," a play which we presented in February. Margaret McInnes is the only animal really at home on the ice. Shirley Lush is our

joyful, playful puppy, and Nancy Kennedy, called "Mother Hen," is the favorite of the Lower School. Jeanne McKenzie, a fawn, is so light of foot that one must look hard to find her. Doris Moscarella, Florence McCurdy and Mona-Shirley Paget are interested spectators who occasionally "ride" the others. Winnifred Ruth McIntyre can't be called any particular species of animal, for she represented us all at the Inter-High School Youth Conference at Easter. Occasionally a figure gets out of commission and leaves the platform 'to be readjusted.' This year Alice Bull, Rosamond Esling and Reita Weppeler have been "worked on," but are now all back, minus a little machinery.

As Marjorie Kehm's charmed fingers produce the music to which the figures sway (for "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast"), the merry-go-round whirls on, the animals circling around the beauty of the school, trying to take in, somehow, the wisdom and knowledge concealed in the mainspring.

GRADE IX

"WE ARE SEVEN-(TEEN)"

(With apologies to Wm. Wordsworth.)

I met a gay Grade IX'er

All dressed in grey and red.

It seems she goes to Riverbend

(At least that's what she said).

I said, "How many are there, lass?"—

She smiled, and turned to me—

"You mean how many in our class?

Oh, seventeen are we."

First, there's Joannie Harris

She dances, skates, and rides,

And plans to go to Paris

As soon as war subsides.

Next comes Betty Dowler,

Who's very, very tall.

As a herald, she's a "howler,"

And excels in basketball.

Then there's our "prima-donna"

Who led our operetta.

I mean our jovial Jessie,
In singing there's none betta.

May I present our president
Whose heart belongs to Garry.
Her leisure time in study's spent
(Some teachers called her "Marry.")

A happy kid is Janie Lee
Though Latin gets her down.
But when it comes to dancing—
"Deeds" goes to town.

"I'll introduce our glamour girl
I mean Miss George, of course.
She simply loves a uniform
Especially the Air Force.

You simply must meet Gilchrist
Most everyone knows "Lizzie."
At every chance at every dance
She keeps the stag-line dizzy.

From Wainwright in the good ol' west
Comes jolly Jean McNern.
Who studies hard for every test—
(She comes to school to **learn!**)

Then there's industrious Megan.
To take "Home Ec." she vows.
(Right now she's in the sewing-room,
Finishing her blouse.)

Our talented equestrienne
Is Joanie P., you know.
Her riding is outstanding
At every Cambridge show.

Jeannie Love's a quiet (?) girl,
Her "specs" protect her eyes.
But when she's at a party,
Woo! Woo!—you'd be surprised!

Our literary lady
Of whom we're proud, is Palk.
And in the History periods,
She's never known to talk(??).

Her swimming is magnificent,
Her marks in Maths. are high.
And every Wednesday afternoon
Finds 'Fanny' at the "Y".

A mild and quiet maiden
Our Audrey proves to be.
She's quite an ardent cyclist
And rides most skilfully.

Our quiet little Betty
Is a poetic lass.
She never gets in trouble
For shouting out in class.

Then last, but certainly not least
We come to robust Rae.
She seldom rides, but goes to Guides,
Where she excels they say.

Our teacher is Miss Gregory,
We like her very much.
She always thinks of something nice—
Like "Library Clubs" and such.

"You've named just seventeen," I said,
"Now pray, how can this be?
For you are wearing grey and red
And are in this class, I see."

Then merrily she said to me,
"Oh, I'm not a **real** little lass.
But my life I spend here, in Riverbend,
I'm the "Spirit of the Class!"

GRADE VIII

I think that I shall never see
A class as balmy as Room Three.
A class that raise their inkstained hands
And make of teachers these demands:

Oh why was grammar e'er invented?
This parsing drives me half demented!
In history there are all those dates,
In maths—deposits, bank-notes, rates.
In science—bugs and worms and ants,
In French is there for us a chance?

Our room mistress is Miss McLeod
Of whom we all are very proud
She teaches us to cook up messes,
And shows the others to make dresses.

From Eleanor, Helen, Pat and Jean,
To Nancy, Betty and Kathleen,
And last there's Mildred, Kitty and Lois;
And now we think that you should
know us.

GRADE VII

Joyce Stevens is our class President,
She's a sweet little red-headed lass.
She doesn't like maths, and she doesn't
like grammar,
And she goes about French in a terrible
manner.

Robin is like a little bird
With a voice as sweet as any you've
heard;
Her daddy has joined the Royal Air
Force
So Robin is very proud, of course.

Evelyn Wolfe lives near the school,
Of being on time she makes a rule.
She loves to dance, and she loves to
sing;
In fact, she's a good sport in most any-
thing.

Joan was with us the first of the term.
We were very sorry indeed to learn
That Joan to Toronto must go away;
We miss her more from day to day.

Donald Murdoch is very petite;
The time she likes best is when you eat.
She's very fond of the work in the gym,
She thinks it will help to keep her slim.

Miss McInnis is the one who us teaches,
She's just as lovely as cream and
peaches.
With her, in class, we have such fun
We're always sorry when her period's
done.

BOARDERS' NOTES

- Nancy's hAir.
- Agnes' comPlexion.
- RoSSmes' intEllect.
- Jean's geneRosity.
- Rae's unselfishness.
- Daphne GunnE's hands.
- Marjorie's musiCal talents.
- Maureen's arTistic ability.
- Ellen's oBedience.
- Reita's ability tO "swing it."
- Wee PAtsy's smile.
- Betty's wRiting talents.
- Dorothy KenneDy's voice.
- Dorothy Donnelly's sEwing skill.
- Lois' agReable disposition.





Activities



THE KING AND QUEEN

LAST 24th of May, as everyone knows, King George and Queen Elizabeth arrived in Winnipeg. How excited all the Riverbenders were! All morning the school fairly buzzed! The girls assembled at school early in the afternoon, well supplied with flags, and shortly afterwards trooped two by two down Wellington Crescent to our place beside the road. For what seemed hours before the royal car appeared, cameras were set ready to click at a moment's notice, and everyone talked excitedly. Then, from away up the road, came a loud cheer. Everyone's heart gave a jump—the great moment had come! Majestically down the road came the royal car with its motorcycle escort, and the other automobiles following. Excitement reached its zenith—how wonderful their Majesties looked—and especially to us, who were seeing a King and a Queen for the first time! But good things do not last forever, and their Majesties, amid sighs and excited comments, disappeared around the bend of the road.

R.S.

GRADUATION, JUNE, 1939

“THE training you have had will give you a balance and poise that will enable you to be a power in the part you are to play in life,” said Rev. George W. Abernethy in his address to the thirty-one graduates at the closing exercises held in Westminster Church.

Rev. Abernethy was the minister who preached at the service attended by Their Majesties at Portage la Prairie.

Prizes were presented by Hon. W. J. Tupper, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba; Mrs. Tupper, Mrs. J. D. McQueen, and Mrs. Robert A. Edmond. Athletics awards were presented by

President Sidney E. Smith, and the junior first aid certificates were presented by Lt.-Col. George H. Gillespie.

Following the presentation of the prizes, a garden tea, attended by the graduates and their parents and friends, was held on the school grounds. A band was in attendance.

An air of excitement prevailed amid the smiles, the handshakes, the congratulations—and finally the farewells. Yes, the farewells must come at every school closing, but although the graduates are leaving behind them the important phase of their schooldays, “before them is a glowing life which commands inspiration and respect, in whatever sphere they may find themselves.”

A.M.C.

THE YOUTH CONFERENCE

THIS year six Riverbenders were very fortunate in being able to attend the Winnipeg Youth Conference, held at Gordon Bell High School, during the Easter holidays. There were four sessions of this conference; at the first three, we discussed subjects suggested on the agenda, and at the last session the committee brought forth a report for debate.

First, we discussed the curriculum. Many changes were suggested and the students seemed to favor a course of studies that was a very easy one. They suggested that there be more options and that a commercial student might be allowed to go on to University. It was also suggested that there be a four year high school course instead of the present three year one, but that the same amount of work should be covered. This would enable the student to take part in more extra-curricular activities, which are very necessary to his general education.

The second session was devoted to the discussion of Youth's Place in the Outer World. Under this we discussed Democracy and the civil rights of the individual.

The third and most heated session was spent in discussing Youth and Unemployment. A little trouble developed between the North End and the South End. One of the Kelvin students spoke of "Drug Store Cowboys." The North-enders took this as a personal slight and several people were ruled out of order.

The last session was devoted to amending and passing resolutions suggested in the reports of the commissions. It was also decided to form a Continuations Committee, which should see that the suggestions of the Youth Conference be carried out and in the fall see that an Inter-High School Council be set up. Riverbend is to have two members on this committee—Winifred Ruth McIntyre, already chosen, and one other representative, to be elected.

To complete this Conference a dance was held on the Friday night. Doubtless, the committee in charge was afraid that the argument between the North End and the South End would be revived for there was a policeman, one of the healthiest on the force, standing at the door all evening.

B.W.

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION'S PRESENT

ON THE Saturday night before Christmas, there arrived at Riverbend a most marvellous gift; from the Carnegie Institute in New York—a gramophone and 625 records. This is no ordinary gramophone that one might buy in a store down-town—it is a magnificent instrument built especially for the Carnegie sets by the Lyon and Healy Company in Chicago; and the records are no ordinary discs of unknown origin—they are made by the best artists with the finest instruments,

and their reproduction is almost flawless due to the amazing scientific improvements that have been put into the mechanism of this machine. The three beautiful pieces of furniture that house these precious presents, stand in the far end of the drawing room. There we gather to listen and marvel and enjoy—some for the beauty of Bach, a lot for the lilt of Strauss, a few for the thrill of Beethoven, but more for "The Horse Named Bill."

M.S.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

THE day to which everyone had so eagerly been looking forward arrived and in the afternoon the junior grades held their Hallowe'en party. Mrs. Price and Miss Crawshaw managed little shepherdesses, old-fashioned men and women, and other fairy-tale characters, aided by the prefects who enjoyed themselves as much as the little ones.

The seniors held their party in the gym, where there was dancing and the usual presentation of the grade skits. Miss Carter awarded prizes for the best and most original costumes. Refreshments were served in the dining room and Auld Lang Syne concluded another happy Riverbend party.

G.B.

THE OPERETTA

ON FRIDAY night, February 16th, members of grades six to nine of Riverbend School presented an operetta called "The Birthday Cake." Jessie Dangerfield very aptly portrayed the Princess of Hearts, whose birthday the children of the court had gathered to celebrate.

The darling fairy, who came to tea, was acted by Betty Johnston. Jack, the Knave of Hearts, who was accused of stealing the sumptuous birthday cake, was Kitty Rainey. A lively dance, learned to please the Princess, was performed by Jane Lee, Joan Pickard, Gail

Graham and Joyce Stevens. Corin, a boy of the court, who composed and sang a song for the lovely Princess, was portrayed by Joan Harris.

The Princess' attendants were Marie Bond, Betty Dowler, Eleanor South, and Robin Little. The children of the court, who brought many lovely gifts, were very beautifully dressed in ruffled dresses of pastel shades, velvets and laces. Their parts were taken by Evelyn Wolfe, Virginia George, Dorothy Deane McCallum, Isobel Slater, Helen Trickey, Helen McLean, Donaldda Murdoch, Mildred Longstaffe and Nancy Complin. The operetta, directed by Miss McInnis and Miss Anderson, was enthusiastically received by a large audience.

H.M.

MISS STUART'S RECITAL

A VERY interesting event this year, and an event of which Riverbend was very proud indeed, was the piano recital given on the evening of February 12th by Miss Maurine Stuart. Miss Stuart's selections were interesting and very well chosen, for each portrayed a different mood, and stirred different feelings within the listener, and we know that everyone present at the recital will tell you that the selections were exceedingly well executed! One number to which we had all looked forward was the Schumann Concerto in A Minor, with Miss Eva Clare at the second piano. Unfortunately Miss Clare was unable to attend, but her place was ably taken by Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson.

Miss Stuart was assisted by Miss Fern Cairns, soprano. Miss Cairn's songs were light and airy, and the audience felt somehow that spring was not quite so far off as it seemed!

The fine blending of classical and modern pianoforte, along with the entrancing songs provided a very interesting evening and we are certainly looking forward to more such events.

R.S.

"THE MAP"

THE footlights brightened; the curtains parted on the scene of an artist's studio on the upper floor of a three storied building in Louvain. The time—the 15th century, during the war between Burgundy and Saxony. This setting was introduced by Winnifred Ruth McIntyre.

As the play progressed, the audience became more and more engrossed in this exciting French tale.

Barbara Anne King was excellent as the kind artist, and Shirley Pinfold handled her rôle equally well. Shirley Edmond showed definite ability in her rôle of Marguerite, the French lady. Lorna Aikins and Margaret Winstanley were also very convincing in their colorful costumes, which added to the play.

We congratulate Grade X girls on their excellent performance, and also Miss Moffat and Miss Shepley whose untiring effort and capable direction made "The Map" a great success.

M.B.

HOUSE NOTES

AT CHRISTMAS it is the custom of the four Houses, York, Garry, Nelson and Douglas to provide some poor family with a hamper. This Christmas was no exception. The members of the Houses were asked to bring food, clothing, and games. There is always a great assortment of things, ranging from a tube of toothpaste to a can of tomato soup. Each House helps a different family and some Houses help two.

This year, Garry helped the Petrie family. This hamper included many luxuries as well as essentials. The clothing was greatly needed and very much appreciated.

York, this year, helped two needy families, the Watlings and the Drewrys. Both hampers contained everything that goes to make a Happy Christmas.

This year, Nelson provided hampers

for two needy families, the McQuarrie's and the Ekin's. The contents of these hampers made their Christmas a happier one.

At Christmas, instead of providing a hamper for one needy family, Douglas sent the presents to the Point Douglas Mission for their party. This had previously been done by the "Empty Stocking Fund," which has been discontinued, so the presents were very happily welcomed.

M.K., S.P., M.W., W.R.M.

GIRL GUIDES

THIS year has been very successful for the Guides of our school, the 65th company of Winnipeg. Many of the Brownies are now working to become Guides. Quite a number of them have already been enrolled.

Mary Harris, a former Guide of Riverbend, has kindly returned. She and Rae-Marie Smith act as able assistants to Miss Anderson, our captain.

Our three patrols, the Oriole, Tanager, and Canary, have collected many interesting and novel things to decorate their patrol corners. Several skits have also been put on by these patrols for the enjoyment of the Guides.

When Christmas came around, our thoughts were directed toward the poor children. We gathered old toys, books, clothing, and repaired the broken toys. These were distributed to poor families.

Our Christmas party, to which we invited the Brownies, was a great success. We expect to go on several hikes when the weather is warmer.

We have been honored this year with a visit from our district commissioner, Mrs. Cooke, who inspected our patrol corners and presided at the meeting.

The Guides sincerely hope that future years will be as successful as the past one has been.

K.R.

THE BROWNIES OF RIVERBEND

BROWNIES are a great deal of fun. We meet every Friday afternoon and play games and have tests. The Brownies are divided into four small groups. These groups are called "sixes." The heads of these "sixes" are called "sixers." The "sixers" are, Maida Johnston, head of the Imps; Sheila Smith, head of the Elves; Betty Cooper, head of the Pixies, and Mary Mathers, head of the Fairies. Miss Anderson is the head of the Brownies and she is called Brown Owl. Miss McArthur comes to help Miss Anderson and she is called Tawny Owl. Brownies prepare us to join the Girl Guides and we are all looking forward to the time when we change the brown uniform for the blue one of the Guide.

MARY MATHERS.

ART CLASSES

THIS year the art classes have been under the very capable instruction of Mrs. P. J. Edgar. The first term, pencil sketches were begun, and as the second term neared its end charcoal work commenced. At various times throughout the year a number of well-known pictures were brought to the classes and discussed for their artistic value. The interest in art has increased in the past three years. The number of students has risen from two to six and we hope that as the years go on and as Riverbend progresses the interest will rise still higher.

M.K.

LECTURES

SO far this year we have had only three lectures. The first of these was given by Mr. Martin, who told us of his aeroplane trip to India and Africa. He showed us the movies which he had taken, and the vivid colors and fascinating pictures made us feel as if we were actually visiting these far-away

places. After the lecture, we were all thinking how much we should like to go to India.

We were especially interested to see the movies taken of her travels by Winnifred Ruth McIntyre, who last summer visited France and the British Isles. She told us all about the places to which she had been, and we enjoyed her account very much indeed.

A short time ago, we were fortunate in having Miss Hilda Hessen come to our school and talk to us about the Hawaiian Islands and Honolulu. She showed us the very beautiful lantern slides which she had of her travels, and we enjoyed a very interesting and educational afternoon.

We have appreciated these lectures very much indeed, and wish to thank Miss Hessen, Mr. Martin and Winnifred Ruth heartily for delivering them to us. We will be looking forward to many more such enjoyable times in the future.

R.S.

LIBRARY NOTES

Scene: Riverbend Library.

Date: Any day.

Time: 11.00 a.m. or 3.00 p.m.

Characters: Librarian's Assistants, Miss Grant, Librarian, Student.

Librarian: "Good morning. Are you returning a book?"

Student: "Yes."

Librarian: "Name — Mary Brown? Ah — fifty cents, please."

Student (bewildered): "Fifty cents!"

Librarian (briskly): "New rule, you know. One cent every day the book is overdue. Could I interest you in

another book? The grade eights have donated a number of good books, with the money they received from the candy sale."

Student (doubtfully): "Well — "

Librarian: "The Library Fund has also bought us several interesting books. Have you read 'Play Parade,' by Noel Coward? No? You must read that!" (Writes) Mary Brown — "Play Parade"—April 23. "I'm sure you'll enjoy it!"

Student: But if its overdue — "

Librarian (sweetly): "Oh, I'm sure you won't let that happen again!"

(Enter Librarian's Assistants—five minutes late.)

Librarian (frostily): "And why are you late?"

Assistants (mumbling): "Milk and biscuits — "

Librarian (ignoring the remark): "Get to work!"

(The assistants begin to tidy the shelves and tables).

(Enter Miss Grant.)

All: "Good morning Miss Grant."

Miss Grant: "Good morning, girls. Are the shelves being kept in order? This table doesn't look very tidy!"

Librarian: No, it doesn't, Miss Grant. (Hurriedly thrusts books into Assistant Librarian's arms.)

(The bell is heard and the Assistants rush for the door, scattering books as they go. The Librarian, with a weary sigh, leans down to retrieve them, hears the din of the second bell and follows her assistants at break-neck speed. Miss Grant picks up the books, tidies the tables and goes out, quietly shutting the door behind her).

D. K.



In Memoriam

+

John Buchan

LORD TWEEDSMUIR

JOHN BUCHAN was born at Perth, Scotland, on August 26th, 1875. During the World War he served on the staff of British Headquarters and later under Lloyd George. In 1927 he was made a member of parliament for the Scottish Universities. In 1935 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada and was created a baron taking the title of Lord Tweedsmuir. He died at Ottawa on February 11, 1940, as the result of a fall.

*O Thou to whom man's heart is known,
Grant me my morning orison.
Grant me the rover's path—to see
The dawn arise, the daylight flee;
Grant me the happy moorland peace
That ancient land of heath and sky,
Where the old rhymes and stories fall
In kindly soothing pastoral.
There in the hills grave silence lies
And death himself wears friendly guise;
There be my lot, my twilight stage
Dear city of my pilgrimage.*

—JOHN BUCHAN.



Literary


THE PLOWMAN

Lonely and tired at close of day,
 His footsteps halting and slow,
 The ploughman treads his homeward
 way
 Through the glorious sunset's glow.

His eyes are dimm'd; his hair is white;
 His clothes are tattered and torn;
 He wanders home in the deepening
 night,
 And he toils in the early morn.

He has no riches, he has no gain,
 His cottage is far from grand.
 He finds his gold in the golden grain,
 His joy—in ploughing the land.

For what cares he, if his clothes are
 worn,
 If his only wealth is his land?
 All he asks is a sunlit morn,
 And the feel of the plough in his
 hand.

He finds his strength in growing things;
 He gives what he has to God;
 His spirit finds joy in the life that
 springs
 From the heart of the rich brown sod.

He spends his hours in endless toil;
 He fears not trouble or strife,
 For out of the earth comes his only
 mirth,
 Out of the soil—his life.

Lonely and tired at close of day,
 His footsteps halting and slow,
 The ploughman treads his homeward
 way
 Through the glorious sunset's glow.

And he kneels in the dust of his rich
 brown sod,
 And he raises a gnarled old hand,

As he offers his thanks to his Maker,
 God,
 Who has given him life—and his
 land!

MARIE BOND,
 Grade IX, Garry Hall.

“NORTH MAIN”

FIVE o'clock! The horn tooted twice, and the St. George bus rolled away from the dépôt. Rita Morin sank back into the comfortable padded seat, and the nicest thoughts passed through her mind, one after the other, in a dreamy way. School was over for the term, exams done, and now—going home,—and Easter only four days away! Everything was just wonderful . . .

She looked out of the window, wishing that they would soon be out of the maze of city traffic and on to the highway, where they could proceed at greater speed. Everything was wonderful—except the weather—and its effects on crowded Main Street did not make it seem any better. Yesterday there had been a heavy thaw, after which the night had brought frost, and now the roads and sidewalks were a sheet of dirty ice. The sky was clouded, and the tuneless moan of a rising wind predicted snow.

The bus lurched slowly along the icy road, among the congestion of automobiles, street-cars and people. What a dirty, noisy street North Main was—and especially when there was no sun to make a pretence of a glitter on its dirty windows and walls! Oh, if they could only go faster! Rita was really becoming annoyed—how quickly good humours disappear! Oh well, no use fretting! She leaned back again, and resumed her study of the street. They were passing a tall, red brick building,

the second story windows of which bore a gaudy gold inscription: "Arennovitch and Sieberling—Mortgages—Real Estate."

Rita wondered dreamily what was going on up there . . .

* * * *

In the offices of I. M. Arennovitch, of Arennovitch and Sieberling, two men stood face to face. One was tall, black-haired, and olive-skinned, his erect bearing giving him almost a military appearance. The other was shabby and dirty; his shoulders were slightly stooped, and his eyes bloodshot.

"I know I can't keep up the payments on the house," he said, his voice full of weary discouragement. "But if I could only find work . . ."

"You mean, if you could only keep work when you got it," Arennovitch cut in sharply. He was tired of this shiftless, dissolute Bill Cavers, with his everlasting whine. The man's hands were so unsteady as a result of his excessive drinking that he could keep no kind of a job! For two years he had been trying to make the last payments on his little cottage, and now it seemed that he would have to give up.

"If you're intimating that my work isn't as good as yours, or anyone else's . . ." growled the dissolute, his eyes kindling with a hot light.

"Im not intimating anything, Cavers," interposed the other coolly, "except that your last payment was to have been made two years ago, and this firm has, since then, held the legal right to lay claim to your property."

"You mean . . ." Cavers started as if he had received an electric shock. The sullen defiance of his last words melted away, and his voice almost trembled.

"Exactly," said Mr. Arennovitch drily.

"But . . . how can a man live with no work and no home, when he's got a wife and six kids—and two of 'em sick and . . ." Cavers was whimpering now—his words came in a querulous rush.

"I'm sorry, Cavers." Somehow, he hated to say it—that whining voice and weary, lined face disturbed him. Arennovitch was young—he had never known poverty, and was not used to dealing with haggard, discouraged men like the one before him now. But Cavers deserved it—he usually thought more of his billiards than of his work and family . . .

"I'm sorry," he said again, and his voice held that note of finality which signalled a close.

* * * *

Past the brick building went the bus—slower than ever, to Rita's disgust. They were passing a long row of one-storey shops, all of which looked very much the same. Rita noticed that one of them had a sign on the window: "Sheet Music; Records; All your favorite songs. A music store—nothing in particular could happen there . . ."

* * * *

It was a dark, dusty, low-ceilinged little place. On entering, one would have thought it entirely deserted, but back in the corner, where an ancient grand piano stood, an elderly man was rummaging through a pile of tattered music.

A shaft of gray light shot into the store as the door opened, and a little girl, of about eleven years of age, entered. She was small, quite plump, and black, curly hair framed her round, pink cheeks and fell over her shoulders, its color matching velvety, intensely black eyes.

"Hello, Grandpa!" she caroled, running to the old man.

"Why Gnydia Hirscholot!" returned the grandfather, with pseudo-severity, "you're zo late, I thought you weren't coming!"

"Oh, I stayed at school to—to clean the blackboards!" she smiled, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"You mean, to finish your arithmetic—liddle zlow poke—but what will you zing for me today?" The old man seated himself at the piano, his hands resting expectantly on the keys.

"Toujours," replied the little girl promptly, courtseying gaily to an imaginary audience.

And if there had been an audience present, it would have quite fallen in love with the little singer, as the clear, soaring notes floated through the little shop.

"Je t'aimerai toujours—si tu garderas ta cour pour moi . . . "

The old man swayed gently to the lilting, tango rhythm, and a happy half-smile crossed his face. He loved his little granddaughter almost to the point of worship, and cherished great hopes for her. Time would tell, and, oh—she could sing!

"Gnydia," he mused, as the song ended, and the prima-donna courtseyed again. "I believe you are more a French demoiselle than a Polish girl."

"Mamma is French—and there are so many lovely French songs, you know," replied Gnydia, humming the tango and pierrouetting around the room.

"Well, maybe you will be in opera some day," grandfather laughed. Unconsciously he picked up a movie magazine which had been lying on the counter. On the front cover was a picture of Deanna Durbin . . .

* * * *

They had reached what Rita considered about the worst place in the whole city—the subway. A decrepit dance-hall and restaurant — what places! — but at the other side of the bridge stood quite the worst looking building imaginable. It was a personification of dirt—the walls were sooty, gray brick, and the lights inside emitted a dingy glare from the dusty window panes. On the side wall was painted, in huge red letters—"Diamond Hotel—rooms 75c." Ugh! Who would ever enter such a place?

* * * *

At that moment, someone was entering the Diamond Hotel. He was a boy about nineteen years of age, and the only feature which prevented him from being entirely nondescript in appear-

ance, with his colorless complexion and dirty clothes, was a pair of exceedingly striking deep blue eyes, in which shone a wild, frightened light.

A cloud of cigar smoke blew into his face as he opened the door of the building and stepped furtively inside. Edging around the crowd of loafers, as if to avoid notice, he crept up to the registration desk.

Behind the desk sat the proprietor of the hotel, the respectable Isaac Goldstein. He had placed a pair of dirty, horn-rimmed glasses on his red, hooked nose, and with an air of intense preoccupation, pored over the headlines of a morning newspaper. A slight cough from the other side of the desk interrupted him suddenly, and, as he looked at the young intruder, he started visibly. In a second, he recovered his composure, and a mocking grin overspread his face.

"Why, my dear Fritz," he said, with an unpleasant accent on the "dear." "What ever are you doing here? Don't you consider it a bit dangerous?"

The boy reddened slightly, and drew a deep breath, as if steeling himself for an ordeal.

"Leaving out the sarcasm," he said, in a low voice, "I'd like to ask you something."

"Well, well—a favour!" sneered Goldstein. "And after telling me two years ago that you would never again lower yourself to have anything to do with me?"

"Please forget it," said Fritz, his lip curling slightly. "I want to stay here for a while. No one would look for me in a public sort of place like this; people usually hide in some little out-of-the-way dump that's easier to get away from."

"Mm-m." Goldstein glanced at the newspaper. The front page was almost entirely filled with accounts of a murder which had taken place the day before, in which a band of reckless gangsters had killed a policeman. The headline ran as follows: "Police find no trace as yet of Pete Schmidt or his

gang. Reward of five hundred dollars offered for the capture of any one of the gangsters."

Goldstein looked up and leaned towards Fritz.

"If I let you stay here, and kept you out of the way of this crowd, and then the police found you, I'd be in for Old Harry for not turning you in—and I don't want any suspicion on me! Better find some place else, sonny!"

Fritz recoiled—he had not expected refusal. "But you know I've never had anything to do with Pete's doings. I just joined his crowd because it was a job; after all, I had to eat—and I never thought they'd—murder anyone!"

"It says, 'any member of Pete's gang' . . . sorry."

"But I've got to go somewhere!" The frightened expression in the blue eyes was replaced by one of hopeless pleading. "I thought maybe you'd remember that my father was your best friend—before he died . . ." There was a sudden catch in the boy's voice.

The Jew gave an oily laugh. "So you finally fell back on 'Auld Acquaintance,' eh! Well, O.K., I'll keep you nice and safe—and here . . ." he tossed the boy a quarter. "Go get yourself a drink."

Fritz took the money, and crossed to the other side of the room. The noise of the half-drunk hooligans at the bar effectively prevented him from hearing any sound from the registration desk.

"Well—five-hundred bucks is nothing to be sneezed at!" muttered Goldstein, his eyes again on the headline. Then, humming "Auld Acquaintance," he picked up the receiver of the phone and dialed the police station.

* * * *

The shops and houses were becoming more scattered now; the bus moved more quickly; a few minutes more, and the city disappeared behind them.

"Thank goodness," sighed Rita, smiling, as the picture of home presented

itself before her mind. Unnoticed, North Main melted away into the land of forgotten thoughts.

R. STERLING,
Grade XI.

SPOOKS

I glanced inside the aged house
And saw no beauty there.
A yellow stain upon the wall,
A crack upon the stair.

I stepped inside the doorway, and
Surveyed the ghostly room,
And then I saw a tiny form
That peeped from out the gloom.

It closer came, then disappeared
Into a tiny hole,
For it was nothing but a mouse —
A lonely little soul.

Imagination runs away
Inside a haunted house;
And one is easily frightened by
An also frightened mouse.

NANCY COMPLIN,
Grade VIII, Douglas Hall.

EVENTIDE

The last rays of the setting sun
Have touched the waves with gold;
The fishing boats to harbor come,
Like wand'ring sheep to fold.

Above their sails the sea-gulls fly,
Hurrying home to nest;
White sails, white wings, at eventide
On quiet waters rest.

At dawn the fishing ships set forth,
All day, the sea to roam,
But at the setting of the sun
Like birds, they turn back home.

BETTY BASTERFIELD,
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

"TWO TICKETS FOR THE YANKEE CLIPPER"

YOUNG Bill Henderson walked blithely down the street to the tiny house in the last block. He was completely happy—and why shouldn't he be with a new position, a home, and dearest of all to him, "the best wife a man ever had."

"William Henderson, Federal Bureau of Investigation." Bill kept saying it over and over again—he couldn't believe it was true.

Lorna would be waiting for him, looking prettier than ever. They had been married only a short time and were still (as Bill's mother said) "like a couple of high school kids."

Bill opened the door and crept into the kitchen where he could see Lorna busily preparing dinner. He kissed her golden head lightly, and she swung around, startled. Then, seeing who it was she said happily, "Darling! when did you get in from Washington? Did you solve the big case? Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"Wait a minute, honey, one at a time. I'll tell you all about Washington and the big case at supper. What do you say we eat now, eh?"

Lorna dimpled. Just like Bill to think of his stomach, oh well!

Over the coffee cups Bill told Lorna about the "Mason Case," one of the most puzzling on record.

"We haven't a chance of catching Williams, I'm afraid," said Bill, "the only clue we got after Mason was murdered was from a ticket agent. Williams, the man we're after, disappeared. Then a girl bought two tickets for the Yankee Clipper, which leaves for Bermuda tonight. She's been seen with Williams before, so, naturally, our suspicions were aroused. Once he reaches Bermuda, U.S. can't touch him, even if we could find him."

Lorna's lovely face clouded, "Bill," she said, "I wish you wouldn't worry so about the Mason case. They'll get Williams, and anyway, I haven't seen you for a month. C'mon, lets leave the

dishes and sit by the fire. You must tell me all about Washington."

"I haven't done anything but work on this case, dear. What did you do while I was away? Did you miss me?"

"You know I did, Bill," Lorna whispered, "Newport's so quiet; there wasn't much for me to do."

For a moment they sat silent. Now that Bill was home again, he realized how much he had missed Lorna. Without her, everything was unimportant.

Lorna jumped up suddenly. "Oh dear, Bill, I have to go to a bridge party at Wilson's. I'll have to hurry."

"You always hated bridge, honey, I'm glad to see you've finally learned to play, but couldn't you cancel it just for tonight?" Bill asked.

"No dear, I won't be late, and Jean would be so disappointed if I didn't come. It's 7:30 now, I must hurry, Bill, will you get my purse, please? It's on the bed."

Bill entered the bedroom. He went to the bed and picked up Lorna's purse. It fell from his hands to the floor. "Hope I haven't broken anything," muttered Bill, as he gathered up the articles which were spilled all over the floor. He smiled to himself. "What a queer collection of things you find in a woman's purse—a lipstick, a cigarette lighter, a compact, loose change, a key ring, zone tickets—and *two tickets for the eight o'clock Yankee Clipper—destination—Bermuda ! !*

MARIE BOND,
Grade IX, Garry Hall.

SPRING

The daffodils are waking from their long winter's sleep.

The little baby birds are going peep, peep peep.

Flowers are coming,
Bees are humming,
Spring is coming back again, her promise to keep.

JUDY ADAMSON,
Grade III, Garry Hall.

A LITTLE REFUGEE GIRL

I WANT to write about a little girl called Erica Elster. About two years ago, Erica was playing with her toys and schoolmates, and skipping off to school in Czechoslovakia. One night, her father got a message that Mr. Hitler was taking over the country. They only had a night to get out. They could take only what they could carry.

First she went to Prague, and at last reached Great Britain. The British Government gave her and her parents money, and they decided that they would send them to the western part of Canada, to a farm.

They travelled on a boat and train, and at last reached Winnipeg. When they reached Winnipeg, someone in the station gave her a fox terrier. She called him Dickey. Erica was very much delighted over him.

Then they went on the train to St. Walburg, and then to a settlement up by the Beaver River.

Erica had never learned how to milk a cow. Erica Elster had always got milk out of a bottle. So she had to learn to milk a cow.

There was just about one well for a group of people. But later, they dug a well on their own farm.

It was all very strange and Erica had to learn the language too, and our ways.

She went to school all the time and about Christmas time she knew some English words, and had made friends with the neighbors. Erica hopes to be able to speak quite well by fall.

Erica Elster hopes to be a real Canadian and loyal to Canada.

JOAN KIRKWOOD,
Grade V, Douglas Hall.

LOCKED OUT

LET me introduce to you Mr. Charles Isadore Murray, bachelor number one, in the thriving little city of Rose-town. Mr. Murray, affectionately known to "the boys" as Chuck, was of medium height, and had, until recent years, been of quite athletic build. Now, however, his thirties were fast creeping

away; and the well known "bay window" was beginning to appear, accompanied by a gradual thinning of his straw colored hair. His face could not be called handsome, for his mouth had a most unbecoming manner of dropping open, and helping along the stupid expression in his cow-brown eyes. There must have been active "gray matter" behind this unbecoming exterior, however, for Mr. Murray was manager of the town bank. To this latter fact can be attributed his popularity with the female portion of this thriving city; particularly with one, Miss Annabelle Potter. Mr. Murray, as bank manager, was drawing a salary which, Miss Potter thought, ought not to be sneezed at. Besides, as Miss Potter was herself getting no younger, she was inclined to be tolerant of Mr. Murray's unfortunate appearance.

On the day when our story took place we found Mr. Murray bidding his secretary a cheery good evening. Her reply was rather cool, for, unlike Miss Potter, she felt herself young enough to look for a better prospect than Mr. Murray. After standing up all the way home in a crowded bus, with the elbow of the lady standing next prodding him, he gladly alighted in front of his little bungalow. Mr. Murray strode manfully up to the door of the cottage which he shared with his dog. He looked for his key, first in one pocket, then in another. He took off his coat, and shook it. No luck! He had lost his key. He was locked out!

After thinking the situation over carefully, Mr. Murray came to the conclusion that his key must be at the office. What to do? Was he going through another bus ride like that one, all for a key? No, sir, he was not. This called for initiative. He tried the back door, but all in vain. Climbing on the garbage can, he tried to raise the kitchen window. It was locked on the inside. Sitting on the garbage can, he ruefully surveyed the situation. Suddenly an inspiration hit him—the coal chute. It was merely a matter of minutes to open the chute door. Cautiously he thrust

his feet in first, and slowly began to wriggle his way in. But alas, for Mr. Murray! Once he could have done it, but now, because of his steadily growing middle section, he was hopelessly stuck.

Dismay swept over him, but dismay soon turned to glad embarrassment at the appearance of the neighbor's son. After answering numerous questions as to his predicament, he finally impressed upon the lad the need for immediate action. While Mr. Murray inhaled with all his might, the boy pushed. Unfortunately the entrance to the banker's coal-bin was in plain view of the street, and an amused crowd was beginning to gather.

Just as Mr. Murray inhaled particularly deeply, and the boy pushed particularly hard, who should join the crowd but Miss Annabelle Potter! She was just in time to see the dishevelled form of Mr. Murray disappear through

the coal chute, and a few minutes later a sooty head appear to thank the boy. Quickly she hurried on. She must try and intercept John Blake on his way home from work. She could certainly never be seen with that Mr. Murray again. He would be the laughing stock of the town for months after this.

Later in the evening Mr. Murray learned of Miss Potter's sudden change of victims, and he relaxed in front of a cheery fire, well satisfied with the events of the day. What if he had ruined a perfectly good suit? What if his shirt could never be worn again? What if he could hardly move from bruises? What, indeed, were all these compared with the fact that he would never be bothered by Miss Annabelle Potter again? Painfully he shifted his position, and relaxed in the happy throes of contented bachelorhood.

SHIRLEY RICHARDSON,
Grade XI, Garry Hall.

A VISIT TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RED CROSS

BETTER Health for Better Service" was, we were told, the motto of the Junior Red Cross. That was the first department we visited on our inspection tour of the Red Cross headquarters in the Winnipeg Auditorium. Filled with gay posters depicting health rules, it was indeed a cheery office into which we stepped. We were greeted by charming Miss Pritchard who willingly accompanied us on our tour.

After inspecting the supply room filled with posters and supplies to help the work of the 44,000 Junior Red Cross members of Manitoba, we journeyed on to the assembly room. In this large room were groups of voluntary workers, some of whom were weighing, checking and assembling scarves, sweaters, socks, etcetera, to be packed and sent overseas. Others were measuring bolts of cloth.

Then we went on into the repair room where work which has been improperly done is ripped out and redone. We gazed with horror at a seaman's sock, fifteen inches long in the foot

alone! However, we were told cheerfully that this sad case could soon be remedied. Here, also, labels according to size, small, medium, or large, were being sewn on sweaters.

As we crossed the hall, we heard the busy whir of sewing machines from the sewing room. Glancing in, we saw a group of women, busily sewing the cloth into garments. There are fifteen of these groups who assemble each week, afternoon and evening. This day it was the Jewish Hadassah group. They were making pyjamas at the time out of a fascinating blue material.

On the way to the next room, Miss Pritchard told us that, although this new headquarters (the scene of many a badminton game in years before) had been used only since January, everything was running smoothly, and we could well believe her.

The next room, in our opinion, was the most interesting. It was the great store room. Shelves, piled high with materials or finished garments, lined the walls. The air was filled with the

smell of new cloth. We saw snow white materials used for hospital supplies, bright plaids for dressing gowns and various other multi-colored materials. On the floor were large bales of wool, sent straight from Australia to the Red Cross branch in Vancouver, whence it was sent to various other branches. Each bale contained spindles which, in their turn, contained skeins of wool, some of air force blue, some of khaki.

But the Red Cross must think of peace too. Accordingly, layettes were being made for babies, whose mothers cannot afford clothes for them. Also, trousers and breeches of the old army uniform were being sent to ex-service men and to men on farms.

Lastly came the final shipping process. We journeyed out to the ramp down which come the freight trucks. There we met Mr. England, who stamps and addresses cases leaving for the front. We watched with interest as he showed us his method of stencilling the addresses on the parcels. All his work was done to the music of the roller skating rink next door. The cases, we learned, were fitted inside with water-proof paper and then packed with finished goods, such as sweaters, rifle mitts and seamen's socks. Twenty cases had already been packed and shipped that day, but there were enough supplies to fill forty or fifty more.

We had reached the end of our trip, so we left Miss Pritchard and her willing assistants, realizing how futile would be our efforts to explain their wonderful work, but hoping in some way to convey to all the idea that the Red Cross is a splendid organization.

DOROTHY KENNEDY,
Grade XI, York Hall.

AN ELOQUENT WASTE-PAPER BASKET

FIVE o'clock! The whistles from the factory district of Birmingham warned the city's great business section that it was closing time. In a short while, the great stores and office build-

ings were empty except for the janitors and other cleaners making their evening rounds. The street-cars and subways were crowded with people hurrying home to supper.

"Johnson and Johnson, Insurance, Mortgage, Real Estate"—one of the largest office buildings in the whole of Birmingham, was no exception. Johnson and Johnson always closed punctually at five o'clock and five minutes later not a soul would be left in the building. Then a legion of janitors and char women, laden with dust-cloths and brooms, would sally forth, and under their onslaught the dust and scraps of paper, accumulated during the day, would disappear.

On the fifth floor, Svenn, the Swedish janitor, plodded wearily down the long corridor with his broom and dust-pan. He hummed softly to himself as he stopped at the corner to pick up the pieces of paper which usually accumulated there because of the people who were in too much of a hurry to see whether they hit the waste-paper basket. "Thump!" Svenn groaned disgustedly as he saw that he had upset the large waste-paper basket which stood in the corner. He got slowly down on his knees to pick up the avalanche of paper which had fallen out on the floor. Then, because he was very tired, he aimlessly sat down in a comfortable position, leaned against the wall, and proceeded to read the papers, odd scraps on which were written the thoughts of a great many people.

On one scrap of pink, slightly perfumed paper, he read these words, "I never want to see you again as long as I live." From the letter of some heart-broken stenographer written to her sweetheart with whom she had probably quarreled, mused Svenn. On another scrap, a caricature of a fat, pompous gentleman, was drawn. It was entitled "The Old Man" and Svenn saw that it bore a great likeness to the sales manager. The work of an office boy, he thought.

Svenn continued his meanderings through the papers. At the bottom of

the pile he found a two-day-old newspaper. As he picked it up, a sheet of paper fell from between the leaves. He caught it as it fluttered to the floor and looked it over. It was a sheet from a "memo" pad and across it were scrawled some words in a peculiar straggly writing. "Johnson unsuspecting. Carry on as planned. Cost and account records to be found in Vault Five to the left. Combination XV273. Change 25,000 to 2,500,000." Svenn was a little surprised to see the name of the head of the corporation, J. W. Johnson, scrawled on a piece of paper, apparently good for nothing more than to be tossed into the waste-paper basket. However, the matter did not interest him particularly. He realized, with a yawn, that he had work to do. Slowly he rose to his feet and began to toss the papers back into the basket. Their next trip was to the furnace.

* * * *

A month later in the London Times, these headlines appeared, "J. W. Johnson, Head of Johnson and Johnson Incorporated, Convicted of Embezzling \$2,500,000 Insurance Money of Residents of Birmingham."

NANCY KENNEDY,
Grade X, Nelson Hall.

YAKS

THE Yaks belong to the same family as the ox. They are found only in Tibet and part of China. The Yak is soon recognized by the long hair that grows from its limbs and around its sides and which, sometimes, is so long that it reaches the ground. The Yak can be quite easily domesticated. It is very heavy for its size and has short legs and a long, narrow neck. The male Yak has long, cylindrical horns. Male specimens, that are fine animals, stand nearly six feet high at the shoulders and weigh well over one thousand pounds. Yaks are to be found in the most rugged and inaccessible districts, and always at high elevations, as they are not able to stand the heat. It has

been said that heat is fatal for them.

Because they are creatures of the hills and consume only grasses and greens found on the mountains, they cannot be induced to eat grains.

The Yaks are the motive power of the Tibetans. Their strength in bearing burdens, their skill in crossing glaciers, their bold contempt for icy rivers, make the Yaks as useful for the Himalayas as camels are for the desert.

Although the Yaks that have recently arrived at our city park are domesticated, they are the true beasts of burden of Tibet. Go out and see "Yak" and "Yill" sometime.

AUDREY IVEY,
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

FROM A GARRET WINDOW

The world is such a barren place,
When all the view is chimney pots,
And noisy, red-brick tenements
Between the grassless vacant lots.

It is a land of alleyways,
And gray, slate roofs that stretch for
miles,
Where sit the solitary rooks,
And tomcats leap across the tiles.

Below, upon the cobbled streets
The countless people hurry by;
Above is just a blank expanse
Of dreary, sunless, smoke-dulled sky.

BETTY BASTERFIELD,
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

PARAGRAPHS FROM SOUTH AMERICA

The Octopus

THIS creature is not very pleasant to meet. It is not accurately known how large the octopus grows. The whale and the octopus have terrible fights. The octopus places one tentacle over the whale's blow hole and another around the tail; thereby strangling the whale. The battle gets fiercer and fiercer, until the whale, being very annoyed, dashes his foe against the bottom

of the sea. With the mighty force of the whale's body, the octopus is usually killed. However, if the octopus is not killed, it will eventually strangle the whale.

The whalers often find small octopi. In each tentacle, the little octopus has a small claw about the size of that of a kitten. One time last year, one of the whalers found a claw the size of a cow's horn next to the blow hole of the whale. From that fact you may be able to imagine how large the octopus grows.

Penguins

Penguins live in large rookeries. There are many kinds of penguins including the large King Penguins, Hopper Penguins and Boxing Penguins.

The mother penguin will not allow the baby penguin to go near the water until he is grown up. Then he is allowed to paddle in shallow water, but he may not go beyond his depth, because he cannot dive and hide from his enemies.

Penguins do not stay on land in winter. On a certain day in the year all the penguins leave and take to the water. They stay in the water all winter, living on fish all this time. Then when a certain day comes, be it warm or cold, they all return to land.

The penguin, if caught when young, makes a very fine pet. Two pet penguins went into a garden with the gardener and as the gardener dug up potatoes, the two penguins piled them in a heap and kept guard over them. They must have thought the potatoes were eggs.

ELLEN KINNEARD,

Grade VI, York Hall.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

In the dark of a summer night,
As I lie in my little bed,
The silvery moon brings forth a light
That shines around my head.

The stars play hide and seek

In the depths of the sombre sky;
The Mother Moon her watch doth keep
As the hours of night fly by.

BETTY JOHNSTON,
Grade VIII, York Hall.

MANUEL

He sits in his doorway, sits and smokes;
The children pass on their way to play;
"Oh, tell us a story, Manuel,
Oh, tell us a story, please," they say,
"For nobody, nobody else can tell
A story like you can, Manuel."

He takes his pipe from his mouth and frowns,
"Well, leave me alone before I will."
But he knows he's glad to have them there,
The children know, so they clamor still,
"A story, a story, oh, please, do tell,
Oh, tell us a story, please, Manuel."

The story's started, and then it's done;
And Manuel begs to stop, in vain,
For the children's voices drown his own,
"Tell us a story," they cry again,
"Another, another, oh, please, do tell,
Tell us another, oh, please, Manuel."

The story's done and away they go,
Manuel smokes and sits in the sun,
He really loves the children to say,
As they gather round when school is done,
"A story, a story, oh, please, do tell,
Oh, tell us a story, please, Manuel."

BETTY BASTERFIELD,
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

THE ADVENTURE OF KITTY KAT

I HAVE a grey kitten called Fluffy. His birthday is on Easter day. He will be two years old. I got him on Easter day. Kitty loves curds and cream. When I feed him, he always says, "Purr, purr." Mrs. Grey Cat was Fluffy's mother. "Fluffy, would you like to live in the barn?" "Yes," said Fluffy. One day as Fluffy was outside he saw a dark figure moving about. Fluffy was frightened. He ran into the

barn, and hid in a trunk. The black kitten got in the barn. He saw the grey kitten. He said, "Don't be frightened. I won't hurt you. I only want to play with you." Fluffy and the black kitten became good friends, and always played together.

HELEN EMERSON,

Grade IV, Nelson Hall.

LITTLE ESKIMO BOY

Way up in the far-off frozen north
In the land of ice and snow,
Lived a little Eskimo—Igluk by name,
And his husky dog—Kado.

They romped and played the whole day through,

It was always day up there;
And Igluk wore a furry white suit—
The skin of a polar bear.

Sometimes they fished through holes in the ice

And very successful were they.
And once they found a great big whale
Which was food for many a day.

Their home was an igloo made of ice,
And not very warm you can see;
But Igluk was happy in his little home,
As contented as you and me.

NANCY COMPLIN,

Grade VIII, Douglas Hall.

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Sitting—Phyllis Hunter, Betty Weatherill, Marion Booth, Gloria Brown, Betty Best, Mary McLeod, Barbara Anne King, Shirley Pinfold.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Nancy Complin, Eleanor South, Betty Johnston, Jean Gardiner, Kitty Rainey, Joan Harris, Lois McLean, Miss Anderson.

Physical Education

PHYSICAL education has a most interesting history. Its nature and status at different times have been determined by the religious, political, economic, and social conditions in society.

Primitive man was educated physically because it was necessary for him to obtain food and defend himself against his enemies; China and India, because of religious beliefs and lack of a universal language, paid little attention to physical development until recently; Persia, Greece, and Rome gave it an important place and many of our present systems come from them.

Although the new world has been largely dependent on the old for work such as the Ling system of Sweden and that of Niels Bukh in Denmark, we are proud to have presented such great games as ice hockey, baseball, basketball and lacrosse.

E. M. ANDERSON.

GYM DISPLAY

DANCING, marching, Danish and Swedish exercises, apparatus and many other of the strange workings that are known only to the gym inmates were all neatly revealed at the annual Gym Display of Riverbend held in the gymnasium. The usual tense feeling pervaded the lower hall and classrooms while the audience chatted in a gay manner. However after the whole school had marched in and sung "O Canada" the display went so smoothly and well that the tense feeling soon left and the girls were almost as much at ease as their parents. Miss Anderson, the creator of the display, was on hand to unmuddle the bewildered tiny tots and to time and aid the other exercises, dances and apparatus work. After the grand march which ended the display the school and particularly Miss Anderson received enthusiastic congratulations.

W. R. M.

SKATING

OUR big skating rink saw greater activity this winter, as the fancy skating art became increasingly popular among the Riverbenders. Every morning and afternoon, a host of would-be Sonja Henies were out on the rink trying their stunts—and we hate to think

of the number of stunts which didn't end very gracefully!

This year, quite a number of our girls participated in the Winter Club carnival, and you may be sure that the Riverbend spectators were very proud of them. We are especially proud of Margaret McInnes, a member of our school, who this year won the Winter Club's Junior skating championship.

We wish Margaret every future success, and as for those of us who are still patiently wobbling around on our rink here at school, we are all hoping that some day we shall be able to skate!

R. S.

DANCING

DANCING is taught to the intermediate and senior girls of the school by Miss Gweneth Lloyd. Miss Lloyd is an outstanding teacher of Greek and Interpretive dancing from Great Britain.

Her classes are designed for the pleasure of the pupils and help in every way to develop the poise admirable in all girls. Miss Lloyd is now training the girls in an interpretive dance, to be given on the lawn of the school in the latter part of May. It will be danced to the lilting and beautiful "Darling Waltz" by Strauss.

S. E.

SWIMMING

A GREAT deal of interest has been shown this winter in swimming. As an added incentive for progress in our classes, a system of grades has been introduced this year. There are eight grades, varying from the most elementary to the more advanced swimming.

To climax our swimming season at the "Y," we expect to hold our annual swimming meet on May 15. We have a number of excellent swimmers who will, no doubt, bring honor to their various houses. So we feel sure that the coming meet will be one of the most successful in the annals of Riverbend.

L. M.

RIDING

RIDING has taken a more prominent part in Riverbend activities this year due to the enthusiasm of all the riders. Many newcomers, with sore muscles for days, learned that there was more to the sport than making a pretty picture on a horse. There were few mishaps and a good deal of fun gotten out of the year's riding. This sport owes much of its popularity to the fact that it is a good healthful exercise and provides lots of excitement. The riders graduate from tame mounts to livelier ones and with the groom's "Tally-ho," every Wednesday start out for an exciting ride down the picturesque trails that the Cambridge Riding Club has chosen for its riders.

J. L.

INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL

WHEN the house meetings were held to choose the teams for the games, it was found that there were four evenly-matched teams. It was decided that in the semi-finals, York and Douglas would play off Monday afternoon at 4:30 and Garry and Nelson would play off Wednesday afternoon, the winners of these to meet for the final Friday afternoon. Douglas defeated York 2-1 while, after a hard-fought game,

Garry overcame Nelson, 9-5. In the final, the school turned out to watch the closely contested game, which was finally decided by Douglas beating Garry, 4-3.

The teams were well matched and the games well played, the stars of their teams being Agnes Rife for Douglas, Dory Edmond for Garry, Marion Booth for Nelson and Janet Edgar for York.

G. B.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

EVERY Monday and Wednesday afternoon at 4:45 the juniors have their basketball practice, and for a thrilling forty-five minutes the ball is passed to and fro among the excited participants.

Under the capable instruction of Miss Anderson and Miss McInnis, we came very close to winning some of the games we played against St. Mary's and Rupertsland. The scores were as follows:

Dec. 8—Rupertsland 9, Riverbend 8, at Riverbend.

Feb. 2—St. Mary's 5, Riverbend 4, at Riverbend.

March 1—Rupertsland 14, Riverbend 4, at Rupertsland.

J. H.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

THE main sport of the seniors at Riverbend is basketball. All the girls are very enthusiastic and find great joy in taking part. This year, the teams practised every Tuesday and Friday after school. In spite of music lessons, dancing lessons and appointments with hairdressers, there was a good attendance at every practice and several promising players appeared.

Two teams took part in the inter-school games with Rupertsland and St. Mary's. Although Riverbend did not place high in the series, everyone showed good sportsmanship by working hard and entering into the games with a feeling of fair play and good fun. There were a few closely con-

tested games where players put forth every effort and spectators sat with crossed fingers waiting anxiously for the final basket.

The teams were coached under the guiding, patient and experienced technique of Miss Anderson and Miss McInnis, to whom the girls extend their heartiest thanks. To those who turned out to the games and cheered on their teams, we also extend our thanks.

Following are the scores of the games:

Nov. 10, AT RIVERBEND

1st team—Rupertsland 13, Riverbend 4
2nd team—Rupertsland 10, Riverbend 6

Nov. 17, AT ST. MARY'S

1st team—St. Mary's 27, Riverbend 24
2nd team—St. Mary's 36, Riverbend 12

Nov. 24, AT RUPERTSLAND

1st team—Rupertsland 41, Riverbend 28
2nd team—Rupertsland 27, Riverbend 15

FEB. 23, AT RIVERBEND

1st team—St. Mary's 12, Riverbend 10
2nd team—St. Mary's 16, Riverbend 3

MARCH 8, AT RUPERTSLAND

1st team—Rupertsland 16, Riverbend 12
2nd team—Rupertsland 30, Riverbend 15





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<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	FERNE LOUNT
<i>Social Conveners</i>	PAT and PEGGY MURRAY

RIVERBEND'S FIRST GRADUATES

THERE are twelve Riverbend Alumnae who this year look back with pleasant memories of the school and say, "Well it's ten years since I graduated"—imagine, a decade. I'm sure none of them want to be reminded that it was ten years ago, for it doesn't seem that long—but none have sat by idly and let that time slip through their fingers.

Dorothy McGavin and Vivian Macdonald are both graduate nurses. Dorothy took her training at St. Boniface Hospital and is now doing private duty in Rochester, Minnesota. Vivian graduated from the Toronto General, but we have no very recent news of her.

Margaret Brown has chosen a very unusual career for a young lady—she is a pharmacist. She is practising her profession in her father's drug store and must be doing very well, for she has just recently returned from a holiday cruise to Trinidad.

Marion MacLeod is putting her B.Sc. and Home Economics to good use. She is dietitian in charge of the Tea Time Dainties counter at the Hudson's Bay store. She tells me that being on the main floor is the best place to hear news of your friends.

Two girls are teachers. Mary MacLean is teaching in a country school in Manitoba and Isobel Hill, who was the first Head Girl of Riverbend, is in Rochester, New York, and is governess to an American family.

The six girls who are married are busy with home and war duties.

Ev. Hay (Mrs. Martin Clement-Jones) is living in London, England, and in her spare time is helping in the Beaver Club—a club primarily for Canadian soldiers.

Margaret Evans who was married last fall to Major Sanford is in England, too, with her soldier husband.

Marg. Macdonald, now Mrs. Jim Johnson, is living at Kenora, Ontario.

Jean MacLean (Mrs. E. S. James) has a small son (born April 8th), Jean Laing (Mrs. Norm. Bergman) has also a small son and Jean Macpherson (Mrs. Pat Macdonald) has a daughter. The three Jeans are all living in the city and must be busy.

**NEWS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF 1938**

THE members of our graduating class have on the whole remained in "ye olde home towne." Those who are learning to sweep floors and make beds in second year Home Economics at the University of Manitoba are, Ferne Lount, Marjorie McKinnel, Betty Morton, Margaret Graban (having discarded hockey), Ruth Rich, Jean McFarlane, Irene Peiper (she couldn't bear to go home), Marjorie Gardiner (there is still a Gardiner left!), and Judy Bennett.

The Murrays—Peggy and Pat, Jean Vinson, and Caroline Harris are carving a good-sized hole for themselves

in second year Arts at the University. Florence Stirling, in second year Science, is the only one to venture into that world of test-tubes and men. Verna MacLachlen is flourishing in her first year of Interior Decorating. Betty Laidlaw and Mary Rose Mackenzie are at United College.

Iris Norman is a "career gal," being a secretary somewhere in Winnipeg. Julie Dale, following in her father's footsteps, is at the Art School. Pat Veysey, now Mrs. Jack Procter, has a baby girl. Emily Hayes and Mary McCalum are back on familiar territory, having returned to their homes in Rose Valley, Saskatchewan.

Anne Shaw and Phoebe McNab are keeping each other company at Queen's University, while Mary Paterson attends McGill. Louise Lestikow has gone south and is basking in the sun at the University of Southern California.

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1939

RIVERBEND'S most recent graduating class is on its own, making a way for itself in various courses at various universities and schools. Barbara Allan has left us to attain higher knowledge in Science at Queen's University. As usual, Arts at Manitoba is generously represented by such brilliant young women as Ruby Benidickson, Kathleen Benner, Shirley Cruikshank, Eloise Edmond, Beverley Elsey, Eileen Gray, Maria Kipp, Joan Macarthur, and Roberta Jean McQueen.

Catherine Bingeman, Mary Irvine, and Bertha Welch are flourishing in Home Economics at Manitoba. Margaret Bennett, loathe to leave us, is taking Grade XI at Riverbend. Beverley Latter has transferred to a slightly larger establishment, namely, Kelvin.

Anna May Coghill, Phyllis Chester, Sidney Flanders, Joan Heaslip, Ethna Mitten, and Betty Slater are industriously learning their spelling again at Angus Business College. Phyllis MacCharles has wandered west and is finishing her Grade XI in Medicine Hat.

Mary Harris is putting in a year of culture, working for her A.T.C.M. in music, and Kitty Parker is being taught how to make a home beautiful in her first year in Interior Decorating at the University of Manitoba.

GRADE TWELVE OF 1939-40

Joyce Burns—Second year Arts, University of Manitoba.

Barbara Colyer — Attending McGill University. What course? Chemistry, Physics, Natural Science, Trigonometry, History, and English—now you decide!

Nora Donnelly—At present a lady of leisure, but plans to go in training at the General Hospital in September.

Margaret Dowler—First year Home Economics, University of Manitoba.

Virginia Lee Hopper—Journalism, at Duke University, Durham, N.C.

Eleanor MacInnes—Stenographer in The Hudson Paper Co.

Natalie Martin — Taking an Arts course at the Northern Vocational School in Toronto.

ALUMNAE ACTIVITIES, 1939-1940

LAST June the Riverbend Alumnae started its season with a raffle at the Lilac Tea in order to raise funds for a silver tray to complete the tea service presented to the school last year.

At Graduation in June, we were pleased to present a special ring, bearing the school crest, to Mary Harris.

At our first fall meeting in September we planned to sponsor the Holden Players in November. This venture was very successful, enabling us to further add to the sum set aside for the purchase of the silver tray.

The annual luncheon was held at the University Women's Club in March. The number that turned out to hear our guest speaker, Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, was the best for several years.

Our plans for next year include co-operating with the Advisory Council

to sponsor a theatre night. The money, we hope to raise in this way, will go to increase the Scholarship Fund which Maurine Stuart began this year with the proceeds of her piano recital.

At the spring meeting it was also decided to accept the invitation of the Advisory Council to have one of our members on each of their committees.

The Alumnae would like to thank the members of the past year's executive and to wish their successors good luck.

It will be a pleasure to add this year's graduating class to our Alumnae and we hope we can count on their loyal support.

MARION McCURDY.

MARRIAGES

Frances Aikins, '35, to Conrad Riley, Jr., at home, Winnipeg.

Marnie Austin, '35, to Scott Neal, at home, Winnipeg.

Margaret Elders, '35, to Drayton Spence, at home, Winnipeg.

Betty Crawford, to Gordon Diamond, at home, Vancouver.

COMMUNICATIONS

136 Imperial St.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Girls of Riverbend:

Here I am settled in Havergal hardly realizing that my Riverbend days are all behind me. I miss the friends I had at Riverbend more than I can tell you.

Havergal is a lovely school situated in the north part of Toronto, quite away from traffic. The building is very large. There are about four hundred girls attending the school.

I am in Grade VIII, on "Remove," as they call it here.

I will be thinking of you all at closing time and wish "Riverbend School" the happiest and best year ever.

Sincerely,

JOAN ROSS.

4688 Westmount Ave.,
Westmount, Que.,

April 8, 1940.

Dear Vox Fluminis:

Here I am in Montreal and as somebody once said, "who'd a thunkit" a year ago today. This is the ninth place I've lived in in my seventeen years, and I'm sure one of the nicest. The city itself is built upon two mountains, so no matter where you are you have a nice view looking either up or down. This is quite a contrast to Winnipeg's flatness, but Winnipeg has it all over Montreal when it comes to lovely lawns and gardens, because here all the houses are very close to each other and to the streets.

The school I attend is Trafalgar Institute, and it's the largest Protestant private girls' school in Montreal. It is like Riverbend in many ways, but is fifty-three years old. Two of our teachers were on the Athenia last fall, and they have given us an interesting account of that event. Our uniform is almost the same as Riverbend's former one—that is, navy tunic and blazer and black stockings. We have four houses—Fairley, Riddell, Ross, and Barclay, and again I am in the one that usually comes last. (Hi, York!) We go to school only in the mornings, from nine till one, except on Tuesday afternoon when we have art and "games." This leaves lots of time for skiing, etc., which is very nice. Speaking of skiing, it is the sport around here, and this is a wonderful place for it with so many mountains near—the Laurentians are only an hour and a half away by train. Trafalgar came first in a ski-meet held on February seventeenth, and we also won the basketball tournament. Later this spring we're going to have a field day.

Most of you probably know that two-thirds of the people in Montreal are French, so you can imagine how well an ignorant American got on at first, however, I've actually gotten to the stage now where I can answer more than a blank stare when someone says, "Quelle heure est-il, s'il vous plaît?"

I certainly miss Winnipeg and all you Riverbenders a lot and I hope I can come and see you sometime soon. Until then I wish all of you, and especially the "elevens," lots of good luck.

ANNE COLYER.

THE CLOCK STOPPED WHEN—

MISS Carter announced in prayers, "We will swing hymn number 798."

Miss Anderson declared, "Don't bother cleaning your shoes for gym, girls, dirty ones will do fine."

Miss Argyle prepared H₂S. (What chance did a little clock have against an odor like that?)

Miss Grant greeted grade ten one morning with, "Hiyah, gals, whatcha hear from the mob?"

Miss McLeod, while making a cake, mistook the cream of tartar for baking powder.

Miss Stuart announced that she is giving up the piano and returning to her former love, the jew's harp.

Miss S. Sigurdson came to school one morning displaying a silver cup—the first prize in a jitterbug contest.

Miss McHattie lost the key to the office, and no supplies could be obtained all day.

Mrs. Munroe forgot to make buns for Wednesday lunch.

Miss Crawshaw gave grade two three hours' homework.

Miss Shepley took the day off from her usual classes to teach grade eleven extra Algebra.

Mrs. Campbell was seen one day teaching grade eleven!

Mrs. Price appeared in French heels.

Miss Moffat fell before Janet's flat-ttery and gave no Economics homework.

Miss Burns took her class on an educational tour to Shea's Brewery.

Miss M. Sigurdson remarked, "I'm tired of teaching here; I'd like a change of surroundings."

Miss Gregory said, "Let's skip scripture class this afternoon, girls, and take in a movie."

Miss McInnis gave up her Wednesday afternoon swimming so that she might spend more time on her latest hobby, the study of Hebrew.

Ellen: "When rain falls, does it ever get up again?"

Betty: "Of course, in dew time."

* * *

Jean Gardiner (reading a war item): "What does it mean here by seasoned troops?"

Reita: "Mustered by the officers and peppered by the enemy."

* * *

Gordon: "Do you know the difference between a taxi and walking?"

Daphne: "No."

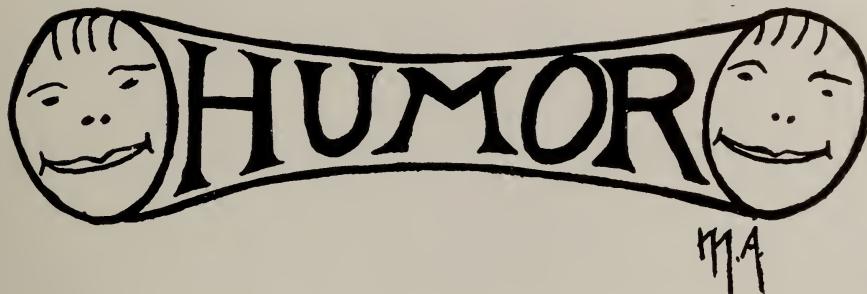
Gordon: "Great, then we'll walk."

* * *

Parent: "What does this 40 mean on your report card?"

Child: "That's the temperature of the room, father."

Compliments of a Friend



Janet: "I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man?"

Gloria: "Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

* * *

Miss Grant: "What made you oversleep this morning?"

Betty Best: "There are eight of us in the house and the alarm clock was only set for seven."

* * *

Doctor: "Put out your tongue—more than that, all of it."

Nancy Complin: "But, Doctor, I can't. It's fastened at the other end."

* * *

Shirley Lush (in the drug store): "Are you a doctor?"

Cecil (who jerks sodas): "No, madam, I'm a fizzician."

* * *

Joe: "That's no way to ride, standing in your stirrups. Sit in the saddle as you did yesterday."

Betty D.: "Yes, that's why I'm sitting this way today."

* * *

Miss Argyle was giving the class a lecture in gravity. "Now, girls," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

"But, please," inquired June, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

* * *

Jean Love: "Don't you know why I refused you?"

Guess Who: "I can't think."

Jean: "You guessed it."

Lorna: "Is that a dray horse you have there?"

Rossie: "No, it's a brown horse and stop your baby talk."

* * *

Mrs. Price was explaining to Julie-Anne how the trees develop their foliage in the spring-time.

Julie-Anne: "Oh, yes, I know now. They keep their summer clothes in their trunk."

* * *

Miss Gregory: "Who can tell me what the former ruler of Russia was called?"

Grade X (in unison): "Czar."

Miss Gregory: "Correct, and what was his wife called?"

Class: "Czarina."

Miss Gregory: "Correct, and what were the Czar's little children called?"

There was a pause and in a small timid voice Winnifred Ruth piped up, "Czardines."

* * *

Miss Moffat: "When was the revival of learning?"

Maureen: "Just before exams."

* * *

Miss Moffat: "What part of History is the hardest?"

Frances: "The stone age, I suppose."

* * *

Miss McLeod: "Girls, we can't make sponge cake today as we haven't the necessary ingredients."

Margaret Winstanley (beaming): "Please, I have a sponge you can use."

* * *

Miss Shepley: "What is a polygon?"

Florence: "A dead parrot."

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Head—Joyce Johnston	71 Cordova St.	402 771
Secretary—Winnifred R. McIntyre	258 Dromore Ave.	41 789
Treasurer—Barbara South	92 Niagara St.	40 663
Sports' Captain—June Lear	181 Yale Ave.	46 476
Polly Harris	131 Waterloo St.	402 053
Agnes Rife	1689 Hewitt Ave., St. Paul, Minn.	
Ruth Wilkinson	407 Kingston Row	403 450
Alice Bull	50 Osborne St.	46 881
Barbara Anne King	1050 Grosvenor Ave.	41 517
Margaret McInnes	253 Waverley St.	401 554
Reita Weppeler	Prairie River, Sask.	
Betty Basterfield	619 Temperance St., Saskatoon	
Betty Dowler	81 Waterloo St.	402 779
Audrey Ivey	1 Dorchester Apts.	47 548
Jane Lee	115 Brock St.	403 038
Nancy Complin	109 Niagara St.	401 139
Fat Bernard	266 Waterloo St.	401 436
Dorothy Dean McCallum	499 Sprague St.	33 290
Shirley Swail	237 Kingston Row	201 565
Joan Kirkwood	97 Canora St.	36 762
Maida Johnston	36 Purcell Ave.	36 873
Mary Mathers	343 Dromore Ave.	45 658
Julie Anne Harris	125 Wellington Crescent	49 798
Donna Plant	831 Dorchester Ave.	48 472
Elizabeth Ann Beaton	303 Montrose St.	402 707
Nancy Smith	100 Waterloo St.	402 671
Pat Travers	A, Wiltshire Apts.	72 364
Valerie Head	222 Oxford St.	403 310
STAFF—		
Miss Sadie Gregory	292 Waverley St.	401 185
Miss Mildred Crawshaw	530 Rathgar Ave.	403 809
Miss Helen McInnis	211 Oak St.	403 809

GARRY HALL

Name	Address	Telephone
Head—Mary Elizabeth Edgar	105 Brock St.	401 515
Secretary—Marjorie Kehm	38 Crescent Place, Wilmette, Illinois	
Treasurer—Marguerite McDonald	52 Balmoral Place	33 316
Sports' Captain—Dolores Edmond	824 Wellington Crescent	41 466
Mary Carpenter	233 Hertford Blvd.	61 016
Daphne Gunne	308 2nd St. North, Kenora, Ontario.	
Jean McLaughlin	105 Academy Road	46 602
Joan Morrison	209 Oxford St.	402 650
Shirley Richardson	43 Rosewarne St.	204 640
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Elizabeth Gilchrist	1015 Wellington Crescent	46 586
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Jean Gardiner	89 Scotia St.	57 196
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Eleanor South	92 Niagara St.	401 163
Evelyn Wolfe	170 Furby St.	38 562
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Judy Adamson	345 Yale Ave.	45 277
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Marilyn Rogers	1176 McMillan Ave.	43 683

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Mrs. Alice Price	124 Walnut St.	30 039
Miss Edna Burns	Ste. 20, Greysolon Apts.	72 972
Miss Mary Moffat	Bradwell, Sask.	

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Name	Address	Telephone
Head—Betty Weatherill	290 Overdale St.	62 030
Secretary—Shirley Pinfold	43 Middlegate	34 907
Treasurer—Rossme Sterling	Pine Falls, Manitoba.	
Sports' Captain—Marion Booth	1190 Wellington Crescent	402 478
Mary McLeod	Ste. 3, Alcade Apts.	45 553
Dorothy Donnelly	Indian Head, Saskatchewan.	
Frances Ivey	Ste. 1, Dorchester Apts., Lilac St.	47 548
Maureen Knights	581 South High St., Port Arthur, Ontario.	
Esther Stronach	292 Montrose St.	401 642
Lorna Aikins	218 Roslyn Road	47 084
Nancy Kennedy	Bissett, Manitoba.	
Jeanne McKenzie	125 Maryland St.	30 106
Jessie Dangerfield	171 Claremont Ave.	202 410
Helen Palk	336 Dromore Ave.	41 495
Helen McLean	901 Wellington Crescent	43 992
Joan Pickard	297 Yale St.	45 032
Jean McNern	171 Elm St.	401 095
Lois McLean	3 Kingston Row, St. Vital	201 362
Helen Trickey	853 Palmerston Ave.	33 334
Joyce Stevens	20 Ruskin Row	49 347
Isobel Slater	253 Overdale St.	62 272
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Judy McLean	Ste. 2, 254 Wellington Crescent.....	45 818

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Miss Mary McLeod	Ste. 5, Lancaster Apts., Stradbrooke Ave.	
Miss Frances Argyle	108 Garfield St.	33 191
Mrs. William Taylor	120 Rose St.	41 328

YORK HALL

Name	Address	Telephone
Head—Gloria Brown	220 Waverley St.	401 510
Secretary—Margaret Winstanley	320 Waverley St.	403 388
Treasurer—Phyllis Hunter	631 Niagara St.	403 960
Sports' Captain—Betty Best	104 Walnut St.	34 635
Margaret Bennett	231 Kingsway	41 077
Janet Edgar	105 Brock St.	401 515
Dorothy Kennedy	Bissett, Manitoba.	
Lois MacQueen	Tisdale, Saskatchewan.	
Shirley Edmond	135 Ash St.	401 097
Rosamond Esling	190 Elm St.	402 698
Florence McCurdy	1199 Wellington Crescent	402 600
Joan Francis	188 Langside St.	30 164
Joan Harris	125 Wellington Crescent	49 798
Shelagh Lear	187 Yale Ave.	46 476
Jean Love	122 Grenfell Blvd.,	62 641
Betty Johnston	36 Purcell Ave.	36 873
Mildred Longstaffe	29 Oakview Ave.	501 532
Kathleen Richardson	475 Wellington Crescent	44 678
Robin Little	12 Sheridan Apts.	71 246
Donald Murdoch	104 Monck Ave.	203 652
Lorna Body	48 East Gate	31 465
Ellen Kinneard	37 Roblin Blvd., Charleswood P.O.	
Mercedes George	221 Academy Road	44 131
Barbara McLean	901 Wellington Crescent	43 992
Arma Sifton	514 Wellington Crescent	46 814
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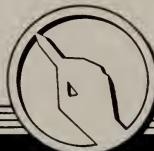
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Miss Grant: "Have you ever had any stage experience?"

Nibby: "Well, I had my leg in a cast once."

* * *

Rae: "I'm like Napoleon."

Mrs. Munroe: "Why?"

Rae: "I went down in history."

* * *

Miss Argyle: "What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?"

Virginia Ross: "It must be the beams."

* * *

Barbara: "Oh, he's so romantic. When he addresses me he always says, 'Fair lady.'"

Janet: "Force of habit, my dear. He's a street-car conductor."

* * *

Maida: "I was a lifesaver last summer."

Arma: "Oh, really, what flavor?"

Miss Sigurdson: "What key are you playing in?"

Pat Bernard: "Skeleton key."

Miss Sigurdson: "Skeleton key?"

Pat. "Yes, it fits anything."

* * *

Rossme: "A scientist has discovered that singing warms the blood."

Mr. Hubble: "Probably that's right. I have heard singing that makes my blood boil."

* * *

Barbara Ann: "Goodness, I don't believe a woman could be so fat."

Margaret: "What are you reading?"

Barbara: "Why this paper tells about an English woman that lost two thousand pounds."

* * *

Florence: "I have a rare Victrola. It was once in the possession of Shakespeare."

Doris: "But there was no such thing as a Victrola in Shakespeare's time."

Florence: "That's what makes it so rare."

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